THE WAR CRY

Vol. XII. No. 39 [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1896. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] Price 2 Cents.

Welcome! TEN THOUSAND TIMES Welcome!

To Our Territory, Beloved Child of Our Venerable General.

Christ in You.

By Staff-Capt. Brenole.

"Know ye not your own selves how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobate."

"Christ in you, the hope of glory."

DEAR BROTHER, don't think you can make holiness popular. It can't be done. There is no such thing as holiness separate from "CHRIST IN YOU," and it is an impossibility to make Christ Jesus popular in this world. To sinners and carnal professors, the real Christ Jesus has always been and always will be "as a root out of a dry ground, despised and rejected of men." "CHRIST IN YOU is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"; hated, reviled, persecuted, crucified.

"CHRIST IN YOU" came not to send peace on earth but a sword: came "to set a man at variance with his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be those of his own household."

"CHRIST IN YOU" will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed of penitence and humility, but He will pronounce the most terrible yet tearful maledictions against the hypocritical formalist and the lukewarm professor who are the friends of the world, and consequently the enemies of God. "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." (Jas. iv. 4) "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in Him." (I. John ii. 15.)

In the homes of the poor and the haunts of the outcasts, "CHRIST IN YOU" will seek and save the lost, and will sweetly, tenderly whisper, "Come unto Me, I will give you rest," but in stately church and cathedral, where pomp and pride and conformity to the world mock God, He will cry out with weeping and holy indignation, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of Heaven before you."

"CHRIST IN YOU" is not a gorgeously-robed aristocrat, arrayed in purple and fine linen and gold and pearls, but is a lowly, peasant Carpenter, horny-handed ,truth-telling, a servant of servants, seeking always the lowest seats in the synagogues and feasts, condescending to wash the disciples' feet. He "respecteth not the proud" (Ps. ix. 4) nor is He of those who "flatter with their tongue" (Ps. v. 9), but His "words are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times" (Ps. xii. 6); words "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Seek to know and follow in the footsteps of the true, real Jesus, the humble, holy Peasant of Galilee; for truly many "false Christs" as well as "false prophets" have gone out into the world.

"There are Dreamy, Poetical Christs,

the words of whose mouths are smoother than butter, but in whose hearts is war; whose words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords. (Ps. lv. 21.) There are gay, fashionable Christs, "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having forms of godliness, but denying the power (holiness of heart) thereof; which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." (Tim. iii. 4-7.)

There are mercantile Christs, who make God's house a den of thieves. (Matt. xxi. 13.)

There are feeding Christs, who would catch men by feeding the stomach rather than the heart and head. (Rom. xvi. 18.)

There are learned, philosophical Christs, who "spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world." (Col. ii. 8.)

There are political-reform Christs, who forget their Father's business in an all-absorbing effort to be elected, or elect, a ruler over this world; who travel half-way across the Continent to deliver a speech on prohibition or woman's rights, while a hundred thousand sinners are going to hell at home; who vainly endeavor to club the fruit off the tree rather than to lay the axe at the root of the tree, that the tree may be good. (Matt. iii. 10.)

They wanted to make the "CHRIST IN YOU" a king one day, but He wouldn't be a king, save of men's hearts. They wanted to make Him a judge one day, for about five minutes, but He wouldn't be a judge.

He Made Himself of no Reputation.

(Phil. ii. 7.) He might have stopped on the throne of imperial Rome, or among the upper classes of society, or the middle classes, but He went from His Father's bosom, down past the thrones and the upper, middle, and lower classes of society, to the lowest place on earth, and became a servant of all, that He might lift us to the bosom of the Father and make us partakers of Divine nature and of His holiness. (2 Pet. i. 4; Heb. xii. 10.)

"CHRIST IN YOU" gets under men and lifts them from the bottom up. If He had stopped on the throne, He never would have reached the poor fishermen of Galilee, but, going down among the fishermen, He soon shook the throne.

It will not be popular, but "CHRIST IN YOU" will go down. He will not seek the honour that cometh from men, but the honour that cometh from God only. (John v. 44; xii, 42, 43.)

Staff-Capt. Agnew, New York

One day a rich young man—a ruler—came to Jesus, and said, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" No doubt this young man reasoned somewhat thus with himself: "The Master is poor, I am rich. He will welcome me, for I can give Him financial prestige. The Master is without influence in the State—I am a ruler. I can give Him political power.

The Master is Under a Social ban,

associating with those poor, ignorant fishermen—I, a wealthy young ruler, can give Him social influence."

But the Master struck at the heart of his worldly wisdom and self-conceit, by saying unto him, "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and come and follow Me." "Come, you can serve Me only in poverty, in reproach, in humility, in social obscurity; for My kingdom is not of this world, and the weapons of this warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. You must deny yourself, for if you have not My Spirit you are none of Mine (Rom. vii. 9); and My spirit is one of self-sacrifice. You must give up your elegant Jerusalem home, and go with Me; but remember, the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head. You will be considered little better than a common tramp. You must sacrifice your ease. You must give up your riches, for 'God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom.' (Jas. ii. 5.) And it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter that kingdom. Remember, when you do this, you will lose your reputation. The bankers and belles of Jerusalem will say you are beside yourself, and your old friends will not know you when they meet you on the street. My heart is drawn to you; yea, I love you, (Mark x. 21), but I tell you plainly that if you will not take up your cross and follow after Me, you cannot be My disciple; yea, if you come to me and hate not father and mother and wife and children and brethren, and your own life also, you cannot be My disciple. If you will do this, you shall have treasure in Heaven."

Do you not see the impossibility of making

Such a Radical Gospel

as this popular? This spirit and the spirit of the world are as fully opposed to each other as two locomotives on the same track running toward each other at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Fire and water will consort together as quickly as the "CHRIST IN YOU" and the spirit of the world.

Don't waste your time trying to fix up a popular holiness. Just be holy because the Lord God is holy. Seek to please Him without regard to the likes or dislikes of men, and those who are disposed to be saved will soon see "CHRIST IN YOU," and will cry out with Isaiah, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips: and I dwell in the midst of a people with unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts," and falling at His feet they will say with the leper, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean." And Jesus, having compassion on them, will say, "I will, be thou clean."

— THE — Power of Consecrated Song.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN MAY AGNEW, NEW YORK.

Lovers of music alone can understand the power of music to sway, and control the human soul, but even the most susceptible person can but faintly realize its value as an instrument for good or ill. Of the evil that can be wrought, of minds allured, and senses drawn into the vortex of pleasuring and evil enjoyment, I have no desire to write. There is no music in hell, consequently the devil is doing his utmost on earth by means of this most glorious of God's gifts to ensnare the unsuspecting and careless, and sweet, entrancing strains waft around the poor victims of folly as they are carried on, ever on, to eternity.

But it is of a more glorious power I wish to write which we have seen so effectually at work in the Salvation Army—the power of consecrated song. It fills our halls and empties saloons; cheers the down-hearted; puts hope into the despairing; brings the claims of Jesus Christ before the sinner, leads the faltering Christian into the land of Canaan, soothes the dying saint, and lands him safe in glory, where the redeemed sing the praises of God eternally.

The Salvation Army has produced a great many songsters. It has wrested from the devil's grasp tens of thousands of sweet voices, and trained them to sing "only for Jesus."

Voices that would have been used selfishly, or neglected altogether, have thrilled with their living messages thousands of congregations, and won for the crown of the King of Kings many a brilliant star that would have perished in the black darkness of eternal despair.

But the Army has done more than that. Not only has it given us singers, but composers as well, who have by a God-given inspiration filled the world with a new rendering of the old, old story; and whose songs will continue to ring it out as long as there is a sinner to save, and Heaven's gates are open to receive them.

Foremost in the ranks stand Commandant H. H. Booth, and his gifted wife, Miss Eva Booth, Major Slater, the Musical Editor of the "Musical Salvationist;" Mrs. Booth-Hellberg, Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, and hundreds of others not so well-known by name as by their Heavenly songs.

One who has never heard a congregation of several thousands of people heartily and vigorously singing "Grace there is my every debt to pay," or, "I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver," can have little conception of the influence of such a song under those circumstances.

Truly one of God's greatest instruments for the salvation of souls is the power of song. Many a truth can be sung into the depths of a sinful heart, that otherwise would not be permitted to enter. Thousands of people who could not be induced to listen to a sermon, gather nightly in the halls of the Salvation Army "Just to hear the singing." Often and often has the tear stolen down a weather-beaten face, as the plaintive strains of "The Bible My Mother Gave to Me," or, "I Stood Outside the Gate, a Poor, Wafaring Child," have rung out. The Book of Record up yonder alone can tell us the hard hearts softened, the wandering sons and daughters brought to repentance, the alienated husbands and wives reunited, the sad homes made happy, and the drunkards saved not by sermons, but by simple, God-inspired Salvation songs from the lips of consecrated, loving Salvationists.

Will any one read these lines who has this wonderful gift from God, and yet has not consecrated it to His service? That is the question of my soul as I write. If so, let me ask you to stop reading just now, and count up an account of all the real advantages you have ever gained by your singing for self, or the world, or your friends. You have had applause, praise, flattery, yes, but it has died away. What had you left when it was all over? Was your success not mixed with disappointment, or criticism? Were you wholly satisfied?

If you had sung for Jesus some one would have been blessed. You do not know what sad hearts you could have comforted, or what erring souls you could have won back to truth and righteousness. You GAINED nothing satisfactory, and LOST tremendous opportunities of bestowing everlasting benefit. Dear friend, give your voice and talent to Jesus. He gave it to you. Give it back to Him and ask Him to use it for His own glory. You will never be disappointed in the results. There will be no heart-sickness of disappointment, no regrets by-and-bye, when the realities of eternity are around you. But blessed be God, all the gladness of the music of Heaven will welcome you to the great Hosanna Meeting around the Throne of God. I will be there. Will you?

THE NEW COMMISSIONER

FOR

Canada, Newfoundland and North-West America

Arrives by the Army's Cruiser, "William Booth," at Toronto.

Royally Received at the Wharf--3,000 People Gorge the Pavilion's Utmost Capacity and Even Occupy the Roof.

COMMISSIONER EVA RECEIVES A TORNADO OF ACCLAMATION.

Pours Forth Niagara of Sanctified Eloquence and Wins all Hearts—Wholesale Re-Consecration Scene.

Officers' and Soldiers' Councils

INCREASINGLY POWERFUL AND FULL OF GLORY.

Hearts Melted—Many Weep—Marvellous Climax Soldiers' Councils Friday Night.

Introductory Remarks.

BY THE EDITOR.

Moses Gone, but we Welcome Joshua.

A NEW EPOCH—an epoch of power, blessing, and salvation, has, we believe, dawned upon the Salvation Army in this Territory.

We have, as a people, had our Red Sea difficulty, and our wilderness wanderings, with other murmurings and rebellions. We have, too, had our lawgiver Moses in the person of our late beloved leader, the Commandant, who with his splendid fight for principle, his conspicuous gift of organization, and his continual drilling of his troops in ideal Salvationism, has left the legions of this Army a compact, well-disciplined fighting force, but as in the case of he of ancient days, it was not given to our Moses to see the complete triumph of this modern Israel, except in anticipation. True, the Commandant felt the vibration of 10,000 high-beating hearts around him, and in prospective the mighty days of wholesale conquest and possession lit the forward path, but before his feet could tread that path, he and his noble wife were called away. It was considered that they went at an inopportune time and at a sacrifice to the interests of this Territory. There was even a certain buckling on of extra armor and tightening of the saddle-girths, metaphorically speaking, in anticipation of a greater need arising for extra diligence in the future, if the work was to be kept rising at the old ratio, but as the new Commissioner remarked at that never-to-be-forgotten officers' and soldiers' council in the Jubilee Hall, "God never moves a Moses but He has His hand on the shoulder of a Joshua to put in his place," we see that so it has proved in the particular case of the Army in Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America. A Joshua has come to us—a Joshua who is a famous warrior, a most daring and capable leader, a fighter of such force, strategy, and precision that she has had flung upon her by the General the whole responsibility of the fight during some of the most crucial moments of the Army's history—a Joshua who thrills to her finger-tips with the spirit of the war, who even has the blood of the Army's only and original General flowing in her veins—we all unite in saying to her, welcome, ten thousand times welcome, Commissioner Eva Booth.

* * *

Forward! Salvation Army.

It must not be construed from the foregoing remarks that the Army has been at a standstill hitherto. Its leaders were once compelled to put their back up against the Throne of God and fight for the very existence of the work committed to their charge, but it is many a long day since our legions marked time; the recent *Special Retrospective War Cry* proves that, and since the libel suit against Commandant Booth broke down under the burden of its own essential weakness some seven months ago, there has scarcely been heard a yelp; on the other hand, there has been a feeling of general convincement that Booth was right, and the Army was right, and it was better to let us go on with the soul-saving and body-blessing work—in a word, "Truth and trust are triumphant," and the battle cry of the hour under the leadership of the consecrated woman at our head is, "FORWARD!"

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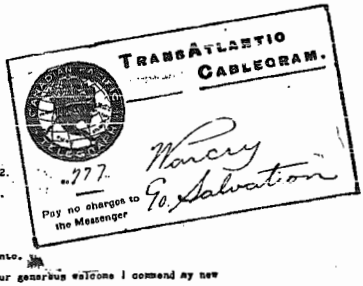
It is the purpose of the next few pages of this WAR CRY to describe the auspicious welcome demonstrations of Commissioner Eva Booth at Territorial Headquarters' city.

THE GENERAL'S CABLE MESSAGE.

(Fac Simile)


TRANSATLANTIC CABLEGRAM.
Warcry
To Salvation
Pay no charges to the Messenger

250. RA. CN. I. 3. 38P. June. 12.
105. Collect. Press. Cable.
London
Warcry
Care Salvation Toronto.
Comrades confident of your generous welcome I commend my new commissioner for Canada to the love and trust of you all. You will find in her the tender sympathies of a true woman and the fearless courage of an experienced and successful leader of the Lord's hosts. Love her as she will love you follow her as she follows Christ. I greet my Canadian comrades with joy and call upon them to march forward with the army for the salvation of the people of all lands and especially of the poor/the sorrowful and the outcast. God Bless Canada.
General.

The Commissioner's Reception at the Wharf.

(THURSDAY, JUNE 11th, 1896, TORONTO)

Rampant Enthusiasm—Hilarious Troops—Rainbow Uniforms—Brass Bands—Staff Officers Draw the Commissioner's Carriage—A Monster Procession.

REPORTED BY ENSIGN SHEA, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SHARP at 7 o'clock p. m. the cornet sounded for the troops to "fall in line," in front of the Temple, and soon there was a moving mass of officers and soldiers, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, marching and counter-marching up and down Albert and James streets until the procession was formed. In a few minutes the procession moved off towards Yonge street, marshalled by Adjutant Watson, mounted on a white charger.

The special colored costumes of the troops were of all the colors of the rainbow, which, arranged in companies to represent the Provinces, made indeed a perfect kaleidoscope.

The Lisgar Street Band, headed by the colors and a few guards, led the way, followed by the lassie officers. Next were the sturdy male Staff Officers, then the "white angel band" of the Temple, nearly twenty-five strong, with Adjutant McGillivray acting drum major. The white uniformed Social forces, bearing their banner of white, with the motto "Rescue the Perishing," was followed by the colored companies who were in the following order:

Pink and white, representing the Central Ontario Province; light blue, the East Ontario Province; orange, with red trimmings, the Pacific Province; red, with orange trimmings, the North-West Province; white and blue (sailors) Newfoundland Province; white and blue, the Maritime Provinces, and green, West Ontario. After these followed officers and soldiers.

Several banners from some of the city corps, the Juniors and the Social were interspersed throughout the procession.

One of the conspicuous costumes was that of a college student's gown and cap, worn by Captain Sims, who carried a round hat-box with a welcome motto on it.

At the Wharf.

On arriving at the Geddes Wharf, alongside the Esplanade, we could see the yacht "William Booth" sailing toward the wharf, bedecked from stem

to stern in bunting and flags. As it drew near the wharf we beheld our new leader, Commissioner Eva Booth, standing on the bow waving her handkerchief towards us. By her side stood Adjutant Pease, her Private Secretary, Ensign Berry, little Jai and Dot.

A moment later and the proud ship "William Booth" touched the wharf, and Colonel Jacobs received the Commissioner in a most hearty manner.

A Volleyed and Thundered Reception.

From the time we beheld our leader on the bow of the boat, the troops kept up one continual volley, but as she passed through the gate and sprang nimbly into the carriage, accompanied by her Staff and Colonel Jacobs, at 7.36 o'clock, saluting and smiling, the volleys were tremendous, and seemed as if almost loud enough to be heard across the lake by our Buffalo comrades on the U. S. side.

Human Steeds Draw the Carriage.

The white horses were dispensed with, and about twenty of the male staff seized the ropes, and off we started with our precious new leader. On the right side of the carriage marched Major McMillan, Brigadier Scott, Major Friedrich, and Major Bennett, and on the other, Major Complin, Brigadier Margetts, Major Streeton, and Staff-Captain Southall. Directly behind the carriage were Staff-Captain Minnice, Staff-Captain Turner, Staff-Captain Smeeton. Adjutant Magee and Ensign Ritchie, two stalwart six footers, guided the carriage by the tongue.

The "Globe" Salutes.

In passing the *Globe* building the printers and employees, in the high windows, saluted our leader, who stood in the carriage nearly the whole length of the march, smiling and waving her handkerchief.

The streets were thronged with people, and the electric cars for a time paused in their rush to make way for this conquering Joan of Arc, as we marched up Yonge and Carlton streets to the Pavilion. The grounds about the Pavilion were literally swarming with people, and long before the procession arrived in Carlton street the building was gorged, packed full to the roof, and even on the roof.

Montreal. — L'oeuvre française est très encourageante en ce moment. Nous croyons pour de grandes victoires.
M Roberts
Adj

Beloved General:
Consider Troops
Enthusiastic over
Present Changes.
Field for God,
General and the Army.
Prospects
Encouraging Victory
ahead! Canada
WILL rise.
[illegible]
Brigadier

Beloved General,
You may rely
upon us to "stand
by the Flag" our new
Commissioner, and the
Cross. Many signs go to
show that deep
spiritual upheaval
sweeping many
souls into the Kingdom
may be expected. We have
every assurance
of hope for victory
in all directions
J. G. Margetts
R.P.

Your message received with
enthusiasm, pledges of Loyalty
and Fidelity to yourself the
Field Commissioner and the Flag
grateful to you for sending us
such a leader, truth and trust
will triumph
E. T. Jacobs
Colonel

The Public Welcome

IN THE

PAVILION,

Horticultural Gardens.

A Gorged Building—They Even Crowd the Roof—Enthusiasm Leaps to its Highest Pitch—The General's Daughter Welcomed with a Tornado of Applause Repeated Again and Again—Her Address a Niagara of Sanctified Eloquence.

BY MAJOR COMPLIN.

THAT welcome demonstration to Commissioner Eva in the Pavilion—how shall I describe it?

Pass into the great Pavilion with me, reader, leave behind you the green lawns, the splashing fountain, the variegated beauties of floral display along the lawn borders, the sombre green of the stately trees, the flitting figures of lightly-garbed citizens, the strong clear light from the electric arc lamps, and the broad blue canopy above—leave this, cross that hall-way, push through those folding doors, and take in the moving panorama of living, changing color there presented to your view.

The Building Chock-a-Block.

Here is a triumph indeed.

This great Pavilion, they say, accomodates 2,500 people. Look all round the ground floor; it is not only full up, but chock-a-block. Look now at that gallery; see! it is crowded full all round. Look higher still at that end gallery; it, too, is full. Look up again all round at the roof over the gallery, there next the glass wall is an eager crowd of Zaccheus' who will not be disappointed of the sight, even if they cannot hear all that is said. This certainly is not only a triumph, but a triumph of triumphs for the Army.

The Central Figure of the Demonstration.

And who is the central figure towards whom all eyes are turned?

There she stands on the platform centre, backed by tier on tier of Salvation warriors whose brilliant costumes form that marvellous combination of color which helped, as someone says, to for once "make Toronto stop and look." That tall slim woman, wearing the big Army bonnet and the "Army suit of blue," relieved only by the scarlet jersey with its white marked Army crest. Mark, too, her flashing eyes, which ever and anon blaze with the fire of a strong inward passion, and even blaze forth defiance as the mind within contemplates some bold-faced evil to be attacked. Mark, too, that face—a modified face of the General—modified, I say, yet his all the same. That, sir, is the central figure of the occasion, the new Commissioner of the Salvation Army throughout Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America, the General's daughter, Commissioner Eva Booth.

That Tornado of a Welcome.

What do you think, sir, of that welcome just accorded their Commissioner by those Salvationists and their friends? You have heard a 5,000-strong crowd of people huzza the silver-tongued Wilfrid Laurier, perhaps, or you may even go further back to the huge concourses of the great Sir John A., but I question if you ever heard and saw such a tornado-like welcome accorded those great politicians—nay, I am certain *their* welcomes never MEANT what this does. Commissioner Eva Booth stands there as the representative—the leader—of the Army's great attempt to bring back lost souls to God, and to liberate them from the accursed bondage of sin, sir, every roar of applause, every shout, every blast of the trumpets, every wave of the flag, every bang of the drum, every flutter of a handkerchief, every clap of the hands, says, when interpreted into words, "I AM WITH YOU IN YOUR WORK! I WELCOME YOU TO IT! I WILL HELP YOU!" This is what it means, sir, and this is why it excels.

The Kingdom of Christ is the richer for this night. This high tide of loving appreciation acts and re-acts on leader and follower, inspires both her and us with increased zeal, and nerves for greater accomplishments in the future in the war for God and His poor.

What was Prayed for.

Hear the prayer by Mrs. Major Jewer, offered under the great motto, "God bless our new leader," stretched across the stage-front:

. . . "She has come into our midst, and we love her. Make her career one of victory and blessing."

A Duet from Dot and Jai.

That is Colonel Jacobs, the Chief Secretary, who is introducing "Dot" and "Jai," the duettists. Dot and Jai are both orphans who have been trained and educated in the Army Nursery at Clapton, London. God bless the young warriors! They sing their song well. "Climbing up the golden stairs to glory," is already popular, that is why the chorus catches on with such a bang.

Chief Secretary Jacobs Welcomes the Commissioner.

Colonel Jacobs is about now to read, in his position as representative of the Army throughout the Territory, an address of welcome. He says he loses all sense of duty in the delight he experiences in introducing the new Commissioner. He refers to her as a warrior of Jesus Christ and the Salvation Army, who has conquered in the past and he believes will conquer in this fair land. He is most delighted that the Army finds in its new leader another member of the General's family—ah! that remark strikes a chord, they are at one bound WILD WITH ENTHUSIASM.

The Colonel refers also to Commissioner Eva's British victories and to her recent splendid stand for the ONE Salvation Army during the unhappy difficulties across the border. For this she will be specially admired, so strong are the Salvationists here for "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one General, one Army." He emphasizes the fact that the new Commissioner is a soul-saver. "What is the good," he says, "of anything called by the name of religion which does not save souls?" The new Commissioner is also a leader. She has held with striking success an enormous command before coming here, comprising all London, where she led to victory 21,000 soldiers, but we will listen to the address:

BELOVED COMMISSIONER,

We the Staff and Field Officers of the Canadian wing of the Salvation Army, could not permit this Welcome Meeting to pass without giving expression, in a feeble way, to the extreme gratification we feel for the General's kindly interest in us and in our country, by giving us so renowned and capable a leader.

You do not come to us as a stranger. Your career has been so marked by deeds of heroism and daring for the Kingdom of God, that it seems the name of Evangeline Booth must be familiar to every soldier and friend of the Army throughout the world. We associate with your name the triumphs of Marlyebone, Torquay and Whitchurch—while perhaps in London even more brilliant though unrecorded victories have been won. Still we are cognizant of the fact that in that command, with its twenty-one thousand soldiers together with the responsibilities of the training of hundreds of officers annually, your efforts have been signally blessed of God.

Coming nearer home we recognize the able generalship displayed in the late difficulty across the border. The fact of the Army's small loss of officers and soldiers is an elegant tribute of both the Army's discipline and government, as well as the skill and wisdom of the one upon whose shoulders the responsibility devolved of administering it. When the history of the American war is recorded, your name, dear Commissioner, will most worthily claim the distinction, and the writer of that history will, we doubt not, find his inspiration in the remembrance of the heroic Joan of Arc of the fifteenth century, pointing to the parallel of the Salvation Army's woman warrior, who, by God's blessing was instrumental in the preservation of our American troops from division, disunion and consequent disaster.

The pang of sorrow in the loss of your brave and courageous predecessors has scarcely healed, yet we turn to you in the utmost confidence, assured that God will, in our fair Dominion, as He has in the past, make you equal to the great responsibilities before you. We have no misgivings, and rejoice at the prospects before us. We believe your appointment is of divine origin, and recognising it as such, you may rely upon our hearty and ready obedience to your commands. We desire to show our appreciation of your leadership in faithful adherence to those principles which have brought honor and victory to the flag in the past, and warrant in the near future some of the most glorious victories it has been our lot to witness.

We cannot let this opportunity pass without asking one favor. That is, that you would convey to our beloved General and the Chief of the Staff our hearty approval of their love and consideration as manifested in your appointment to Canada. We also desire that you would inform the Commandant and Mrs. Booth (for whom words cannot express our admiration and love) that we have not [illegible]

to keep our promise in accepting you with all confidence as their successor.

Count upon us as your loyal and earnest followers—Staff and Field officers—for the conquest of the Dominion.

Signed on behalf of the above.

C. T. JACOBS,
Chief Secretary.

That address was received with many interruptions. Enthusiasm to-night is certainly not only at boiling pitch, it is at boiling-over and bursting-out pitch. The Colonel is greatly stirred. Note those concluding remarks; they are a grand peroration, and he is right when he says that though our numbers may not be as great, yet there is not a people on earth whose hearts beat more warmly and loyally than do ours, and this he can say for the Army soldiers scattered throughout the Territory from Newfoundland to Spokane and Victoria, they will rejoice to give their new Commissioner, as she moves from one place to another in her campaigns, a hearty welcome. His last words are good, too: "May God grant you tens of thousands of souls saved—welcome to Canada."

Now for another storm of applause. Storm? It is a hurricane! a tornado! a cyclone!

The reason? Ah, yes—the Commissioner is at the front to reply. This is a sight to be remembered. The whole building moves with animation, and is caught as by magic in the whirl of enthusiasm which sweeps over the place. Listen!

The Commissioner's Address.

MY DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

I can say, without hesitancy or question in my mind, my PRECIOUS comrades, and I also say MY comrades—for already I realize I have a claim upon you, a claim which is precious to my heart, having been appointed by the Lord and the General, to stand for a time as the leader of the Salvation Army forces in this, your fair land,—as I look upon the faces gathered together in this large hall, especially those whom I greet as fellow-comrades, Salvation Soldiers with me upon the great field of battle, my heart is overwhelmed with feelings of gratitude to God, and of appreciation for the loving welcome you have shown to me, and I am sure you will not misunderstand me when I say that my lips are not capable of expressing the deep gratitude I realize in my heart for the very kind, hearty, and warm welcome you have given me to your country, for the expressions of affection you have conveyed to me, and more than all, for the confidence you have expressed yourselves as enabled to place in me as your God-appointed leader. It is far above what I could have expected. I do not merit it at your hands. I say again, my heart has been overwhelmed with the consciousness of my unworthiness to receive at your hands such a hearty cordial greeting.

True, I have sought to serve my God faithfully and do my duty to the flag of the Salvation Army and to the different people He has committed for a time to my care and keeping in the various appointments He has given me. But there is naught in those services to lead me to expect from your hearts such a hearty welcome as you have given me. It will be a bright spot in my recollection never, never to be forgotten. I stand my two feet upon it as I make preparations for the coming battle, and in the different circumstances which may arise when contending against obstacles and difficulties, I fancy the echo of your ringing shouts of welcome, of your kindly words of heart-felt greetings, will strengthen me when your faces I cannot see. I fancy the memory of your shining countenances will penetrate the darkness which may hang for a season across my sky, while your firm expressions of devotion to God and the Salvation Army, and of your intention to follow me faithfully while I am permitted to stand for a few years, it may be, as your leader, will be an inspiration to my heart, giving hope and encouragement to my spirits in many a season of weakness and discouragement. I thank you in WORDS to-night, but if it is God's will to spare me I shall look to the services which He will enable me to render you—daily service, in season and out of season, as I seek to promote the interests of you all, and serve you as a true and faithful soldier of Jesus Christ in the ranks of the Salvation Army should do—to in some measure express my gratitude.

Not a Stranger.

In the address that has been read to me I remember you said that I am not a stranger to you.

Thank God for that!

There are no strangers in the Salvation Army. (Volley.)

No, no! there are no strangers in the Salvation Army. We are enabled to stretch our hands across the rolling oceans that lie between us and other lands, catch the fingers of the natives of their shores, sing the same songs, breathe the same prayers to the one God that we follow, and deliver the same tidings of the great salvation plan that was wrought out for us upon Calvary. We know no strangers. We are all comrades, who labor in every kingdom, who serve God in every land where the Salvation Army flag is flying. The people of every land are our sisters and brothers. We are made one in the bonds of Jesus Christ; one in the cleansing blood of Calvary; one on the Rock of Ages; one on the bosom of God, who has carried our sorrows; one in the arms of Jesus Christ, who has lifted our burden; one in the great purpose for which we all march forth to battle; one through the power of that salvation which has redeemed our souls from sin and wiped away our tears; and one by the one great heavenly route we travel as we make our way to the golden gates of the great glad city, where we shall meet to part no more. Hence it is impossible for us to meet as strangers.

The Responsibility of Following the Commandant and Mrs. Booth.

The welcome you have given me is especially appreciated because I know that just at this moment your hearts must be conscious of a keen sadness in parting with our late loved and honored leader, my brother, the Commandant.

I would like to say here I feel my selection by the General to follow the Commandant a special honor.

I feel it to be a very special and exceptional honor to step into the place of one who has led forth so successfully so many people to battle; who has been brought off so many times more than conqueror, even when the battle has been of such an intricate and extremely difficult a nature; who is so largely endued with gifts and talents of so exceptional a quality; whose character and life of devotion to God and the Salvation Army is known in almost every land of this great world, whose music is sung in every country where our flag is waving, and whose songs of praise to God are in the mouths of tens of thousands of people who have learned to love Jesus Christ. God bless the Commandant richly (Amens) and go with him to Australia. (Amens.) The life he has lived here, the battles he has fought, the sacrifices he has made, the tears he has shed, the wrestlings he has endured on behalf of the Territory's salvation, can never be overlooked by us, and never, never, for one half second, be forgotten in heaven, but have placed him, not only in the hearts of the soldiers of this country, but in the hearts of our comrades in far-off lands, who are very specially warm in the affection and confidence they entertain towards him for the way he has led you forth in spite of the peculiar difficulties you have had to encounter. We shall go on loving him. Absence will make the heart grow fonder, and he will find each day a warmer place in our affections; I know he will in mine, and I know he will in yours, as we march on to future battles. God bless him and his dear wife, who has been a co-partner with the Commandant every step of the way, by her loving sympathy and determination sustaining him in every conflict! (Volleys.)

Ebenezer.

I am glad that I am here. I feel it a joy to be with you. The only anxiety of which I am conscious is that I should fail to come up to your expectations, that I should fail to render you that faithful and continual service, of which I know you are in such need. Oh, that I may be made by the abundant grace of God, and the power of Jesus Christ, truly a leader of you in the highest and noblest sense of the word.

I am glad to be here to help you raise your Ebenezer to God for the wonders He has wrought, the victories you have won in spite of calumny, heart-break, and desertion, in spite of almost every storm that could possibly beat around your Salvation Army bark.

I praise God we are where we are. I thank Him that you have been able to keep the old flag waving, and to keep the pledges you made to God and the Salvation Army in the interests of the world's salvation. I praise God that in spite of the difficulties, when it has seemed that all the hatred and power of hell has been employed to turn your feet from the path God has called you to tread, and make you drop the cross which, by His grace, you have lifted, you proved his grace sufficient to enable you to stand your ground, and ever so much more, for you have *gone ahead* in spite of all opponents; you have pressed your way across the rivers and through the fires, rejoicing when men have reviled you, and spoken all manner of evil against you; in seasons of blackest darkness, as the nightingale sings sweetest at the darkest hour of night, so the echo of your songs, when your sky has been blackest, has even reached across the waters, and when perhaps we have expected you to drop your voices low, we have found you pressing forward, pushing the battle to the gates, charging down upon your enemies, and through faith and faithfulness, being brought off more than conquerors through the blood of the Lamb.

And Now, Forward!

But, my comrades, I am not only here with you to help you raise your Ebenezer, I am here by the help of God to stir up your zeal for greater things. As I speak to you, you will recall, no doubt, battles no eye has witnessed but the eyes of the angels bending over the battlements of yonder Celestial City—battles fought in the dark, battles fought in your quarters, in the kitchen, in the parlor, in the workshop, where only the power of Jesus has saved you and kept you. So in looking back over the past to-night, we throw our spirit's arms around the neck of our Master and Saviour, and say from the deepest depths of our hearts, 'Oh, thank you, Jesus, that we have proved Your grace is ever-sufficient grace, that Your power is a complete power.' (Amens.) But we turn our eyes for a little time from the past and we look away. We look upward, and find that that grace is limitless, therefore greater victories can be won, braver battles can be fought, more foes can be met, and so God help us to-night to hasten forward with glad feet, that will not hesitate to tread in His footsteps, face His foes, and run to victory. The NEED is just as great. The ringing cry which reaches our ears of the unconverted, the cry of those men and women who are not ready to die, the cry from hearts over-burdened with sorrow, from the sorrowing millions, from the beautiful little children, the cry for virtue where there is abundant vice, for truth where untruth, deception and falsehood have worked havoc, created such misery, and robbed men of all that is highest, noblest and best, the cry for peace where there is nothing but strife, controversy and disappointment. This cry calls us on, we will go forward to meet the need and be made more holy and complete saviours through the grace of our Saviour, the Lord Jesus. His resurrection power awaits even the weakest of us who are in this great world for the purpose of lifting the fallen.

Our ambition to-night is that we should make a new start to accomplish greater things for Jesus Christ in the fight against the powers of sin and darkness.

In the last great day when the morning breaks, when the battle ends with the closing of the final conflict, and all nations stand before the Throne, oh, that we may be found without cause to be ashamed of our workmanship! having done to the best of our ability all we could do to save the lost around us; having labored to the utmost of our capacity to snatch souls from the burning fire.

We need to be earnest in living in order to do this.

I know of nothing that can lead one to work to the utmost of their physical strength and mental capacity, that can so develop gifts and talents and let in the light upon the intellect, like a burning passion in your soul for those who are perishing.

Moses, that grand old patriarch, when broken-hearted over the backslidings of his people, lifting them up in his arms, as it were, towards heaven, while with heart-throbbing pleadings he takes hold of the very mantle of Jehovah, "*If Thou wilt not pardon their backslidings, I say blot my name out of Thy book.*" Oh, Moses, Moses, we fancy we see thee pleading for thy people! If a passion like that can burn in thy bosom after so many battles, contention, and strife, after so many demands upon thy patience and integrity, after so many disappointments and discouragements, why should we not here to-night, with our great and glorious possibilities—possibilities that angels might envy—have that passionate zeal, so that we should be able to pray, fight, and work for God and souls in meeting the foes that must be conquered, and saving the sinners that must be converted.

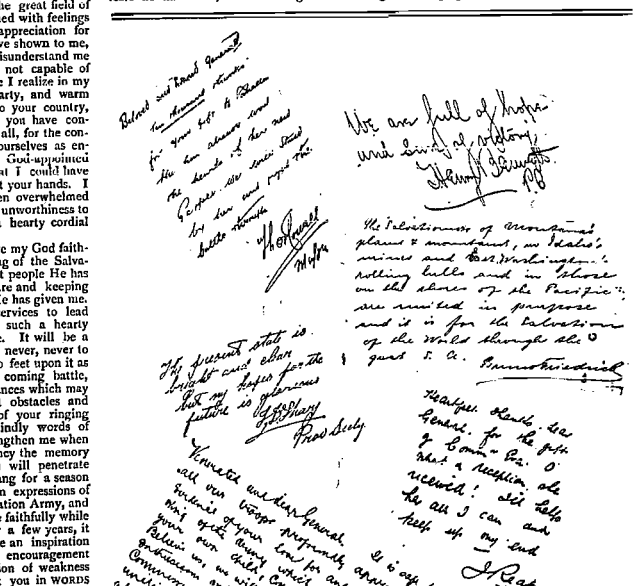
Never mind how other people look at it; we must be faithful to our duty.

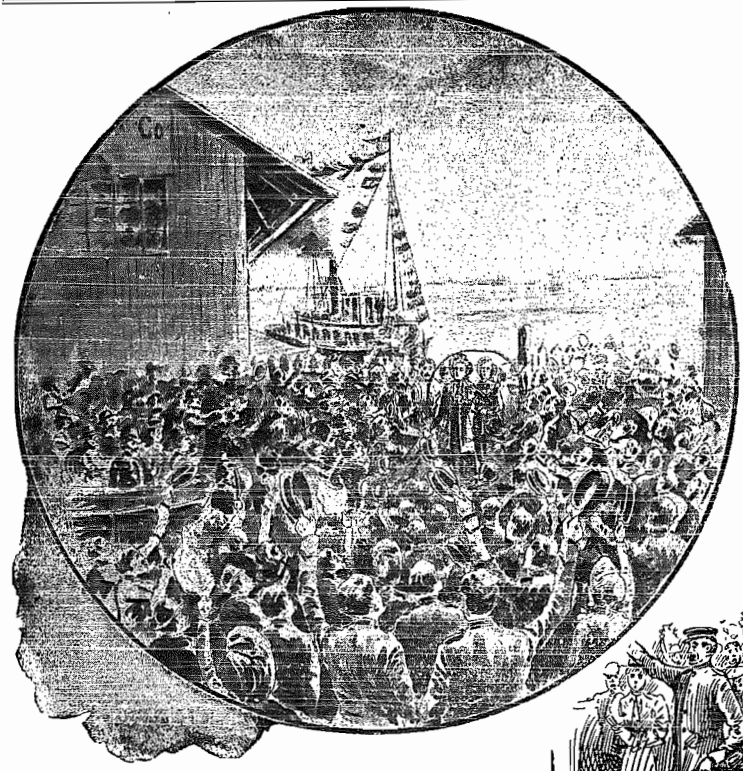
Oh, that a new, fresh revelation of Calvary might light in our bosoms, and fire in us a living zeal that would enable us to rush forward as a mighty power to sweep the continent for Jesus! May God grant it! (Amens.)

Re-Consecrate.

This is a time when we should afresh consecrate ourselves for this purpose, laying all we have and are down at His feet. "I did that long ago," you may say. Yes, I am glad you did. You may trace the battles you have won, the temptations you have passed through; the fact that you have been able to keep your head above water through the darkness of the past to that consecration which the loving call of God and the gentle strivings of the Holy Ghost enabled you to make; but there is a sense in which we should be continually renewing our promises to Jesus. Coming over to your country upon the Atlantic, how many times I laid all God had given me, be it small or great, all that I possess, all that I have and am and ever may be, down at His feet. I nestled my head afresh upon His loving bosom, and looked again to the strength which is given to so many weak and little ones, unable to do more than *choose to be all for Him*. I laid all upon the altar, and asked that He should touch the sacrifice, seal it,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.]





Although delicate health and the claims of three little sons have prevented her travelling the Territory as widely as her heart would have desired, yet her letters of love and advice have been a means of inspiration and cheer, indeed we can say the Lord has made her a "Mother in Israel" to you all.

I cannot lay claim to many of the gifts possessed by my predecessors, but I think, without boasting, I can say that in toil, sacrifice, tears and prayers, in being instant in season and out of season in endeavoring to promote the further happiness and usefulness of my people and the salvation of the lost, you will not find me behind them.

I come to you in the fulness of desire to help and bless the comrades, who have so long and so

COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH

TO THE

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS, IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND, AND NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

MY DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS,

By the General's desire I have come to be your leader and comrade in the great work of salvation which God has devolved upon you. In responding to the command, I need not say how deeply I am impressed with the responsibility of the undertaking, the difficulties attending its successful prosecution, and the consciousness I have of the poverty of my own abilities for the fulfilment of the great task.

I cannot help but say that the sense of my inability is enhanced by the knowledge I possess of the devotion and capacity of the Commandant, my precious brother, whose position I am asked to occupy. To follow one so laborious, so self-sacrificing, possessing such a genius for invention, whose command in the Dominion has been acknowledged by such multifarious schemes and methods of usefulness is in itself I feel a difficult task, and in some of these respects my strength and my knowledge unfit me to be his successor, but in these particulars I am reckoning on the heartiest co-operation of the officers who have been trained under his leadership, so that I have no fear but that we shall—not only maintain every new enterprise already on foot—but stretch out still further in the same fields of spiritual philanthrophy, and so gratify the Commandant by fulfilling the hopes he had entertained and for which he had wished a longer stay with you in order to fulfil.

Then I know there is one who will be greatly missed throughout the whole of the Canadian field—my precious sister, Mrs. Herbert Booth. Of her constant and devoted labors in your midst I need not speak—they are well-known to you. She has been one in all and every effort put forth by the Commandant, more especially sharing in the burdens borne and battles fought behind the scenes.

bravely battled for the establishment and maintenance of the Army, who have borne so many burdens, been loyal under such strong temptations, held on in the face of such opposition from men and devils, and who to-day under the blood-and-fire flag are longing for the opportunity to do still more, cost what it may, in the fight with sin, misery and hell.

I come in the fulness of sympathy with genuine salvationism. I am a blood-and-fire soldier in the world-wide Army. I have been cradled and trained in the bosom of my family in the International Training Homes, and on the biggest battlefield the Army at present possesses in the principles, practices and beliefs the Army teaches. I know them, approve them, love them, have suffered for them, and have seen something of the miracles they can work. Under this flag I was born, under it I have fought, and under it I shall die.

I come to you with a heart full of love for souls. I have not the strength of the affection for the lost perhaps that I might have, that I ought to have, that others have had, but, so far as I know it, I have a heart full of compassion for the perishing, and I can say before heaven and earth and hell that the joy of my whole being is to see men and women rescued from the fires of sin, and plunged in the fountain of my Redeemer's Blood.

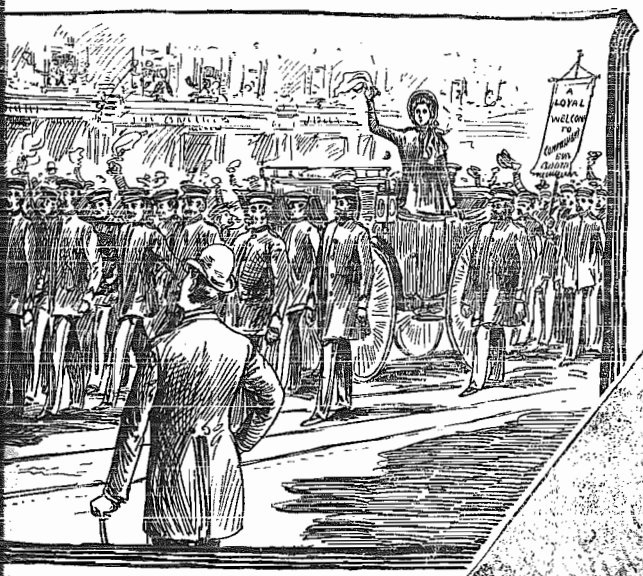
I come in the fulness of desire to save the precious little children, those priceless jewels, with which Christ has showered our path, so full of great possibilities for good or

evil, and as well to save the helpless outcast sons and daughters of your people.

Here and now I place all that is in me with all that I possess upon God's Altar for these Christlike undertakings.

But to establish what is already begun, to strengthen what is weak, to encourage what is timid, and to push the war forward with greater speed to successes equal—nay, greater than anything that has yet been seen or dreamed about in your land—I must plead with you for help before I begin; I must lay down the conditions on which I can only hope to fulfil my wishes and yours.

1. I must have your sympathies. I shall crave your love and confidence. I cannot help doing so. My faithful people in my late command have given me this and it has been my great joy and strength through all the conflicts and storms of those four years. I can not help but expect and hope that it will be the same with you, that you will rally round me, that you will follow after me, that you will stand close beside me, that you will trust me. I shall seek so to serve you as to merit it, that together we may push our way with the story of Calvary into the darkest and saddest corners of this Territory.



2. I must have your prayers. You must hold me up at the Throne of Grace; you must cry to God mightily on my behalf, and when I say on my behalf I mean on behalf of the work I have come to help you to do.

3. I must have your co-operation. We must be one. I have not come merely to give you the word of command, or explain how the war can be carried forwards and then simply stand by and see you do the work. No; so far as my present strength of brain and heart and body will allow I will be with you in the thick of the fight. It has been my custom, the example of my father and mother, and the brave heroes of the Army who have been before my eyes from infancy, no less than the burning impulses of my own soul impell me to the heart of the conflict, to the front of the field, and make me willing, nay even desirous, to bear the heaviest share of the cross.

But as I look towards the battle I can see no hope of being able to succeed without your heartiest co-operation. You must help me. You *will* help me. Help me to seek the sinners, the poorest, the lowest down, the most miserable. Help me to hunt up the backslider and to bring them home to God. Help me to strengthen the hearts of the soldiers and to generally push the war. My success will be in proportion to your coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Let me say in closing that already I love you; reports which have reached me of your standing unmoved in your devotion to God and the Army, whilst all hell has combined to destroy your path, has made you fill a deep place in my heart, and I count it an honor that I am called to stand for a time as your leader. I cry to Heaven to make me of blessing to you; of strength to you; of cheer to you; a means of inspiration to you, that altogether we may make more desperate attacks upon the enemies of the Cross, and by red-hot prayers, undaunted faith, and persistent works bring in a triumph which will make earth wonder, and Heaven shout afresh the praises of the Lamb.

Yours in the blood and fire,

EVANGELINE BOOTH.

THE PUBLIC WELCOME

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5].

take it, so that I might be more than ever all His, to be used by Him in blessing you and leading you forward to save the sinners in your country. I want to do it again. I want you to do it with me; I want one and all, at the close of this meeting, to gather up whatever we are, and may have, and consecrate all for further service. God will accept the sacrifice at our hands and fill us with that love which shall win the lost, sympathize with the sorrowing, strengthen the weak, and scatter heaven's blessings on our path.

Greetings From all Lands.

Part of my duty to-night is to bring you not only the love of my own heart, but the loving greetings and assurances of the confidence and prayers of your comrades from the other countries. I can't possibly convey to you the many loving messages I had given to me on every hand from hearts that have been watching as you passed through the storms, and have rejoiced in your victory. They have praised God for your true and faithful services; your clear and triumphant witness and loving faithfulness of purpose in clinging to Jesus and the Army. Your fidelity is known throughout the world wherever the Army flag is waving. I was to tell you that tens of thousands are praying for you. I was to assure you of their heart-felt comradeship, love and confidence.

Special Greetings from Our Father, the General.

Then I am the bearer of special greetings from the lips and heart of the General himself. (Tremendous volley.) As I bade him "good-bye," he told me to go and do my utmost for you, and that my mother's God would be with me. He said: "Take those precious loyal comrades of mine not only the General's love, but a father's love, not only their leader's confidence and affection, but I send them the confidence and affection of a father's heart, for they are truly made by Christ Jesus my sons and daughters."

I know you will appreciate it. It will bear you on to greater and higher things, and that by God's all-conquering grace we shall go *forward*, FORWARD, FORWARD. Forward in our own souls; climbing higher heights; forward in the integrity of our own hearts, touching deeper depths; forward in the grace of Jesus Christ; forward in the power of an uttermost salvation.

Sir, I call that literally a Niagara of eloquence. I do not wonder at all at the satisfied expressions on the faces of officers, soldiers and friends alike; neither do I wonder at this renewal of the cheering. Why, her talking comes like a flood and thrills you through and through. It is evident that Commissioner Eva Booth is mightily moved of the Spirit of God; her exceptional gifts are consecrated to Him, and, what is more, accepted of Him. And now let you and I join in the great consecration for God and His war, which is the climax aimed at by the Commissioner. It is late, but we will stay for this, and if the spirit of this meeting be maintained and go forth over the Territory through the instrumentality of the officers and others present, it is easy to see what a renewed stirring up in the soul-saving war will result. God grant that it may be so.

(Continuation of reports of meetings will appear next week.)

Council Chamber Echoes.

From the Commissioner's Address in the Soldiers' Council.

The Lord never moves a good man but what He puts another in his place.

God buried Moses on the quiet, but He had His hand on the shoulder of another—a Joshua.

Oh! that we could scoop up all the ability the devil possesses and use it for God.

Jesus, when He fed the multitudes, commanded that the fragments be gathered up.

"The Commandant is a veritable Moses for God."

There is no parting in the S. A. Nobody can part us. We are too tightly chained together.

Many a battle has been lost by impatience, and many a soul has been driven back to hell through the same cause.

It is a good thing to be a leader of God's hosts, but it is not an easy position.

War Cry.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the progress of the Salvation War in all places.

Address all communications to the Editor, Care Army Headquarters, Toronto.

CIRCULATION 37,000.

THE NEW ERA.

SINCE this column of the War Cry last gave forth its official echo of the inner workings of the Army, a great event has occured, and a new era dawned, viz.: the transference of the powers and responsibilities wielded by Commandant and Mrs. Booth—in virtue of their position as joint Commissioners of the Salvation Army forces in Canada, Newfoundland and North-West America—from them to the Commandant's sister, Commissioner Eva Booth, whose regime in this Territory commenced on Thursday evening, June 11th.

We take this first opportunity of inviting the continual and fervent intercession of all comrades and friends everywhere, and especially of those within the Territory, that the chosen vessel sent of God as leader amongst us, may be preserved and sustained in close responsive touch with the Holy Spirit of God, and abundantly fitted by a continuous endowment of His grace and wisdom, to successfully cope with the infinitely important interests which will throng every step of her path and demand her guidance. We fervently pray—and we feel that ten thousand hearts re-echo to our Heavenly Father the petition—"God bless Commissioner Eva Booth."

Our New Commissioner's Appointment a Tender Token of the General's Love.

We are richly privileged in the appointment of Commissioner Eva Booth, who is a scion of the General and apparently possesses several of the distinctive traits of character which, under God, have elevated the General of the Salvation Army to the unique place he occupies in the world to-day. No tenderer token of our precious and venerated General's love for the people of this Continent could have been given than the fact of this appointment, and it was confirmed when in his message the General sent us not only the confidence and love of a General, but that of a *Father*. Both the appointment and the message are deeply appreciated by us all, and the War Cry but becomes mouthpiece for the thousands of this Israel when it assures the General that he has won our increased love and gratitude, and that we shall rally round our new leader with all the ardor and enthusiasm of an Army, realizing the great value of the opportunity now afforded us to help dam that torrent which is sweeping souls all round us towards the yawning gulf of everlasting despair.

The Reception.

It is questionable if any Commissioner ever took up the leadership of a people under more favorable auspices than did our new leader. Commissioner Eva was already renowned as the successful commander of Army work in the greatest metropolis of the world, with which, for numbers and importance, we cannot begin to compare ourselves; she already possessed that crowning glory of a Salvationist, a mighty soul-saving record; she was a darling child of the General, with whom, and the Chief-of-the-Staff, she had for years been privileged with a close association; she was the sister of him who for four years had piloted the Army through storm and tempest to victory; and lastly, she is a woman, which fact alone would make every true soldier grasp his sword the tighter in his determination to stand by his God-appointed leader. Under these circumstances there is no wonder that our loyal affection, our declarations of fidelity, our perfect confidence in her ability to lead us on aright, were simply flung in wholesale fashion into her keeping, and that she as speedily reciprocated the sacred charge. The outward expressions of this strong torrent of sympathy between leader and followers was evinced in the cannonade of greeting on the wharf, again in the ovation at the Pavilion welcome, perhaps most intensely of all in the officers and soldiers councils of Friday, when the slight form of the Commissioner seemed charged with divine power, and the holy, melting influences accompanying her words dissolved us in tears of joy. It is impossible to see how the welcome could have been excelled. It seemed as if heaven and earth conspired to make it a triumph. Beyond all doubt the seal of God is upon the appointment. The Commissioner has a full tide of loving sympathy all round her; it only remains that we carry out her own charge and go forward.

Greetings from New York.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth at the Memorial Hall—American Forces Send Affectionate Greetings to the Commissioner and Canadian Forces.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM.]

NEW YORK, June 12.

Magnificent reception to Commandant and Mrs. Booth. Memorial Hall packed. Commandant swallowed wholesale. Mrs. Booth won all hearts by her sweet singing and charming personality. American forces send affectionate greetings to the Field Commissioner and Canadian forces. We are one. Hallellujah! Amen!

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth Send Their Greetings to the Commissioner.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

NEW YORK, June 13.

Commissioner Eva Booth,

Filled with praise to God for your beautiful reception. It is only what we expected from our old Canadian troops. You are worthy of their following, and they are worthy of your leading. Boundless love.

HERBERT and CORY.

GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS—

BRIGADIER JACOBS, General Secretary, to the rank of COLONEL.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MCMILLAN, to MAJOR.

ADJUTANT TURNER, Chief Assistant in West Ontario Province, to STAFF-CAPTAIN.

ADJUTANT RAWLING, Chief Assistant in Territorial Trade Department, to STAFF-CAPTAIN.

ADJUTANT COWAN, in charge of London Rescue Home, to STAFF-CAPTAIN.

ADJUTANT SEYMOUR, of Toronto Rescue Home, to STAFF-CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN KEDDALL, of Belleville Corps, to ENSIGN.

APPOINTMENTS—

COLONEL JACOBS, to be Chief Secretary.

MAJOR MCMILLAN, to Newfoundland Province.

MAJOR SHARP, to East Ontario Province.

Adjutant Manton, of the store, gets a crowd of customers.

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES.

A GRAND WELCOME, a glorious welcome, an enthusiastic welcome! Words are poor things to express the meaning we want to convey. We want some one to coin more words with greater meaning.

* * *

THE WELCOME the Field Commissioner received was just indescribable. The difficulty that seemed to meet the officers and soldiers was to find some way by which they could in a more demonstrative way let it be known that they were all right themselves, and were more than delighted with their new leader.

* * *

THEY SHOUTED, they clapped, they sang, they stamped, they danced, said all kinds of nice things, congratulated one another, and then congratulated themselves upon having such a leader.

* * *

TO SAY THE Commissioner got a good hold is a tame way of putting it. To use an old expression, they swallowed her wholesale, liked her talk, liked her prayer, liked her manner, and liked her wind-up at the Friday meeting.

* * *

THE VERDICT of some of the old officers who ought to know, is, it was the best reception that any Commissioner had received in Canada.

* * *

THE COMMISSIONER more than appreciated the affection bestowed upon her, and whilst she may have expected that her officers and soldiers to have made her feel that they were glad that she was to be their future Commissioner, the reception far surpassed all expectations.

* * *

THEN ALL THOSE nice letters of welcome! God bless you for sending them! They are highly appreciated, although it must be plain to everyone to answer them all would be out of the question. You must take the will for the deed.

* * *

BY FAITH I see glorious victories ahead for her in Canada. God is going to honor her labors in a mighty manner. I am sure it is so. It is coming. The largest halls in this country will be filled, souls will be saved in crowds, and the soldiers' rolls doubled. Lord, I believe! Oh, for more faith!

* * *

WHEN YOU GET the first word that the Commissioner is coming, pray and believe for souls—expect them. She will come with the burden of souls on her heart, and a living faith in God.

* * *

ALREADY the plans for the opening campaign are out: Hamilton, Chatham, St. Thomas, and London. Then the great welcome to the Central Ontario Province on July 1st, at Corbett's Point.

* * *

LOOK OUT North-West and Pacific Province. Commence praying; get into full uniform; arm yourselves with a song-book; clear your throats. The Commissioner will soon be your way. For dates, see next Cry.

* * *

TO SUM IT ALL UP it is this: The Commissioner has been right royally and loyally received; we have laid out ourselves for a big spiritual upheaval. Discouragement got his throat cut, and is struggling for dear life. Our faith has gone up thirty per cent., and we are on full stretch for victory.

* * *

PLANS ARE being laid already for greater advances, and whilst no tremendous changes may be made, everybody should keep their armour bright, their souls on fire, their debts paid, their trunk in good repair, and their foot well shod, so that at short notice they may move on.

* * *

BY THE WAY—almost forgot it—the Commissioner's motto for the year is: "Trust and trust will triumph." Learn the principle of the motto. It will do well for a subject for special meeting. More next week.

WAR DESPATCHES

From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

NOVEL READERS, DRUNKARDS, CARD PLAYERS, AND SINNERS OF MANY KIND GET SAVED, DRUM HEAD PENITENTS, ETC., ETC.

Owing to the reports of the Commandant's farewell meetings we were obliged to hold over a number of reports, and condense them for this issue.

EIGHT MEN worked two days gratis in shingling Lunenburg barracks and repairing the officers' quarters. Brother Austin Young and wife are to the front again in the war. Junior meetings have been started. Ensign Terry's white cap was an attraction in the open-air.

LEWISTON, IDAHO, people love the Army and appreciate the work we do. Captain Burton reports five souls seeking salvation.

A DRUM HEAD penitent got saved at Woodstock, N.B., who gave up his pipe and tobacco. Two more drink slaves were also liberated.

TWENTY-EIGHT people consecrated themselves to God at Amherst, N.S., on Sunday; one for salvation.

LIEUT. LISTON visited Ingersoll on Sunday.

NEWCASTLE, N.B., has lively times with farewells. Visit of the saved Norwegian and Brother Tucker. The corps also visited Chatham.

A NOVEL READER got saved at Pilley's Island, Nfld., and burned his books; a slave to card playing also got saved.

SERGT.-MAJOR RATCLIFF, Port Hope, reports good times, and many in tears at Captain Meikle's farewell.

ABOUT THREE HUNDRED people gave a farewell tea to the officers at Little Current.

OWEN SOUND reports the conversion of a "good case" Sunday.

VALLEY CITY held three open-airs on Decoration Day. Four in the fountain Sunday.

DILDO, NFLD., barracks has been painted. Nearly all the comrades gone fishing. Cadet Pretty farewelled to go on the schooner "Salvationist."

ADJUTANT AYER, of Helena, visited two prisoners in the jail under death sentence, one of whom paid the penalty shortly after.

AT CLARENVILLE, Nfld., a woman got "the blessing" in a potato garden. Two backsliders and a sinner came to Jesus.

NORTH HEAD, Grand Manan, is now officered by Captain Penny.

THE PUGWASH warriors visited Middleboro. Norwegian sailors made things interesting when in port.

PARIS, ONT., has a lassies' brass band of seven instruments, and three more new soldiers, and Adjutant Dowell nearly scared the devil out of his boots.

JENNIE HABKIRK, of Winnipeg, calls the devil a sly old fox, but they managed to get eight souls from him last week.

AT PETERBORO the open-air was held in front of a hotel, which so displeased some people that they were ordered to "move on."

MONTREAL II. has enrolled some more recruits and commissioned local officers. Captain Brady farewelled.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SOUTHALL performed the wedding ceremony of Captain Oder and Private Davy, at Kingston.

ENSIGN PERRY gave an able address on the Social Work at Liverpool, N.S.

ADJUTANT MCAMMOND and Motreal I. String Band visited No. II. Corps. One soul.

MAJOR COLLIER enrolled three recruits at Portage la Prairie.

NEWMARKET has a change of officers. The outpost folks are a live lot; CRYS going well.

THE TENT BRIGADE of the Pacific Province have visited the Couer de Alenes. The U. S. soldiers from Fort Sherman attended and sang our choruses. One man at Thompson caught them some fish to eat and a saloonkeeper took them to tea at another place and gave them a dollar. They travelled over the mountains with the snow seven feet deep.

THE LIFE AND GLORY BOYS have visited Bay Roberts. Stewart Taylor nearly died there, but God spared him. Nearly all the people are off to the fisheries.

SERGEANT LANGHERN and J. S. Sergt.-Major Hetherington, of the Temple, have been married by Major Howell.

QUEBEC is having grand times. They had a number of saved Railwaymen on the platform Sunday.

THE J. S. MAN stirred up the people at Devil's Lake by his music and salvation.

SERGEANT MRS. PAYNE booms the WAR CRYS at Helena.

HILLSBORO, N.D., a new opening, is booming; eight converts.

BERLIN, ONT., had a great day on the 25th May with the Queen soldiers.

ST. CATHARINES has meetings in the park.

JAMESTOWN, N. D., two reports score thirteen souls saved. Captain Habkirk visited the corps.

SEVENTY-SEVEN people attended 7 a.m. knee-drill at Western Bay, a village in Newfoundland. Eight new soldiers; four sinners saved.

THE MAYOR and other officials of Mandan are very kind to the Army.

MAJOR SHARP performed the marriage ceremony of Bandsman George Clark, of Varmouth, N. S., and J. S. Sergeant Maud Brown, at Halifax.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. MINNICE AND CHILD.

Boomers' Prizes Awarded.

CAPT. ZIEBARTH THE CHAMPION.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH TAKES THE PROVINCIAL PRIZE.

THE NAMES AND TOTAL NUMBER OF "WAR CRYS" SOLD.

Captain Ziebarth, Victoria	3253
Sergt.-Major Pierce, Temple	3019
Mrs. Westlake, Butte	2850
Emma Howlett, Petrolea	1595
Lieut. Brayman, St. Catharines	1574
Maud Coon, Windsor, N. S.	1512
Sergt. Habkirk, Winnipeg	1453

The Provincial Prize goes to the Pacific Province.

Sufficient time has been allowed for complete returns from all Boomers, but one or two have not sent in their full returns.

We heartily congratulate the successful competitors.

The West has sustained their reputation of doing big things, and Lieut. Ziebarth, who we understand is a Captain now, is a plucky fighter, carrying off first prize.

Sergt.-Major Pearce deserves special mention, and well earned the second prize. She sold 950 CRYS during the last week, and holds the championship for a single week's sale.

Captain Lamont, Captain Toole, Sergt. Armstrong, Ned Gibbons, John Hutchings, and a host of others deserve a pat on the back for their efforts put forth in booming.

Those who were unsuccessful in this Boom will have another opportunity of trying their skill in another race, that will give the smaller corps as good a chance to win as the largest corps. This will be announced as soon as possible.

WASHINGTON and MONTANA.

Fierce Fighting in the Rocky Mountains.

A NOTED CAPTURE AT MISSOULA —WITH THE ROSSLAND GOLD MINERS — A TENT BRIGADE SWIM A RIVER—HORSE NEARLY DROWNED.

WE ARE STILL in the soul-saving business. Fifty converts were registered for May; some of them were desperate characters.

* * *

MISSOULA comes to the front with a grand capture. A woman, who has for the last fourteen years gone under the disguise of a man, came to the penitent-form, made a clean breast of everything, got properly saved, and is giving every evidence of the genuineness of the work of grace. Spokane also figures with a good capture or two, and all around we have made a steady advance in this line.

* * *

OUR NEW OPENINGS are coming along nicely. ROSSLAND reports good crowds, with rapt attention. Finances good, and a few souls. Ensign Woodroff has great faith for the MARYSVILLE miners, while Captain Brierley and Lieutenant Southall are sanguine as to the progress of the work in MILES CITY.

* * *

ENSIGN BARR is on the war-path once more with the lantern, and now that he has a proper set of slides, is determined that the Far West shall no longer take the rear place. Lieutenant Slater has gone into the show business, having been appointed Advance Agent to the Light Brigade, a distinct hit. He took to it as to the manner born. It was a sight to see him start out on his first trip. He's all right!

* * *

THE TENT BRIGADE. Now for something startling! This contingent started off in great spirits, with full instructions as to route, etc. Met some false prophets; thought they knew best; believed them; turned aside into the mountains: struck a road that hadn't been travelled for over two years; got stuck in one of the canyons; had to build runners; make four trips with baggage; took three days and two nights to cover a few miles; forded a river six times; wound up by nearly losing one of the horses in crossing stream. The horses swam, the wagon floated, and the Brigade was saved! Moral: Follow instructions.

* * *

WE ARE EXPECTING great exploits for God from this detachment during the coming summer. We still want a few real blood and fire soldiers to complete this Brigade. No better chance of doing some real service for God! Apply, Provincial Headquarters, Spokane.—Geo. L. Phillips, Adjutant.

Major and Mrs. Streeton Farewell

AT THE TEMPLE FOR THE UNITED STATES.

The Commandant's faithful Private Secretary, Major Streeton, with his beloved wife, left his Headquarters' comrades and friends good-bye at the Temple on Sunday night.

The Major has been a proper Salvationist for sixteen years, and a front rank warrior and officer for eleven years, three of which has been in Canada on the H. Q. staff, as Property Secretary, and Private Secretary to the Commandant, where he has won the love and confidence of all who knew him by his out-and-out straight-forwardness and Salvation Armyism. He now takes an appointment in the United States, on the National Headquarters' staff.

Major Bennett, Staff-Captain Smeeton, Adjutants Morris, McAmmond, Watson, and McLean, and a number of the H. Q. staff, were on the platform, and the United States were well represented by Adjutant Wood and Ensign Brooks, of Philadelphia.

Major Streeton referred to the time when he and Adjutant Watson and Ensign Brooks were in the London Training Home as cadets together, and when he was appointed as Captain he asked the Commandant, who then had charge of the training operations, to send Lieutenant Watson with him. He once visited a corps of Major Bennett's, years ago in England.

Major Bennett read part of John V., about the judgment to come for all sinners. He told the following incident:

One day, when he was on a trip, Mrs. Bennett told Frank that his father would be home on the eleven o'clock train, and asked him if he wasn't glad he was coming. "No," said he, "I am not glad, for the judgment day always comes when pa comes home."

The Major and Mrs. Streeton spoke forcibly of the power of God to saved and to rule their lives. They were God's, to be used in His war, and were ready at His bidding to go anywhere, at any time. They had learned to love their Toronto comrades, who had stood by them. The unsaved were faithfully dealt with for the last time, till they meet them again at the bar of God.

In the prayer meeting their hearts were cheered to see a man and woman seeking for God's salvation. F. E. S.

Adjutant Peaco and Ensign Berry accompanied our new Commissioner on her arrival to Toronto.

The sweet singing of Jai and Doi at the Pavilion, was the talk of many at the welcome.

SING SALVATION!

WELCOME TO OUR COMMISSIONER.

(Sung at the Pavilion—Composed by Brigadier Margetts).

Tune.—"God is keeping His Soldiers Fighting." B. J., 46.

1 Woman warrior of God's Salvation,
Lover, helper of outcast and poor,
Friend of friendless, and lost and fallen,
Joan of Arc in our Yankee war;
A Wesley at real soul-winning,
To God, many thousands bringing,
Your Canadian fray beginning,—
Heaven bless you is our prayer.

Chorus.

'Tis with all our hearts we bid you
Welcome here, welcome here,
welcome here, (repeat)
To help us win dear Canada for Jesus.

Welcome to our fair Dominion,
Right glad we all are you have come
At the front of our brave battalion;
We trust you'll feel quite "at home."
Tho' fight you'll find is trying,
We're neither dead nor dying;
Before us foes are flying,
Hallelujah! We shall win.

To the Lamb once slain on Calvary,
To our leaders old and new,
To our General, and the colors
By God's grace we will be true;
We'll live for Him who frees us,
We'll follow where He leads us,
To win the world for Jesus,
And we never will give in.

Last Chorus.

No, we never will give in.

—:o:—

Tunes.—"Come, Comrades Dear," B. B., 9; Willoughby, B. J., 169, 1; Praise, B. J., 143, 1; Faith's Ascent, B. J., 85, 1.

2 Oh, let Thy love my heart inspire,
To win lost souls and never tire,
Me with Thy strength endow.
That love I claim, oh, Lord from Thee,
Now send Thy quickening power on me,
Oh, send the fire now!

Oh, Lord, Thy love has claimed my all
And at Thy blessed feet I fall—
Here only is my bliss.
Wisdom from Thee I now implore,
That I the fallen may restore.
I live and die for this.

And when at last my race is run,
And many souls for Thee I've won,
And fighting days are o'er,
Then, as I cross death's shallow stream,
I'll shout, "Thy love is still my theme,"
And praise Thee evermore.

Lieut. Hardcastle, Laundry, "259."

—:o:—

Tunes.—Sovereignty, B. B., 21; B. J., 230, 1; Euphony, B. J., 138, 1; Madrid, B. J., 176, 2; Eaton, B. J., 167, 2; Carey's, B. J., 220, 2.

3 Give me a heart of perfect love,
A heart from sin and self set free,
That all my life may prove I live
No longer to myself, but Thee.
Let every word and action prove
The greatness of Thy dying love.

Give me a heart that will not shrink
From pain or loss, for Thy dear sake,
That lives to glory in the Cross,
And seeks the sinners' chains to break.
Let over word and action prove
The greatness of Thy dying love.

Give me a heart that seeks to show
Poor, weary souls the way to Heaven;
Faith in me that glorious end
For which Thy precious life was given.
Let ever word and action prove
The greatness of Thy dying love.

C. J. McLaughlan, Ensign, "259."

—:o:—

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

Tune.—"Gird on the Armor," B. J., 36.

4 Let us rally round the Flag,
Let us rally once again;
Shouting the battle-cry—"Salvation!"
Warriors are wanted now
Who are saved from earthly gain,
Shouting the battle-cry—"Salvation!"

Chorus.

Salvation forever from sin, death and Hell,
To every poor sinner let every soldier tell;
Let us rally round the flag, boys;
Our God will pay us well,
Shouting the battle-cry—"Salvation!"

In the slums we'll tell the tale
Of the Saviour's love for all,
Shouting the battle-cry—"Salvation!"
To the broken-hearted ones
We'll extend the Gospel call,
Shouting the battle-cry—"Salvation!"

—:o:—

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Tune.—"Cleansing for me," B. J. 63.

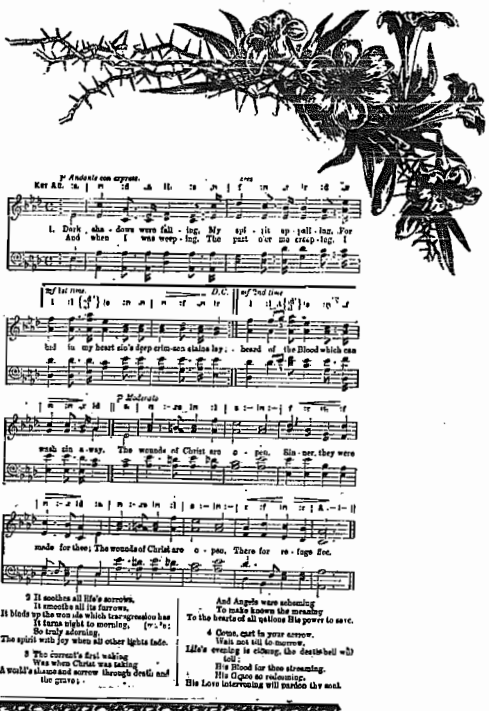
5 Jesus has languished and suffered and died,
Sinners to save, sinners to save;
When on the cross, "It is finished!" He cried,
Sinners to save, sinners to save.
Though Christ has died, He is risen again,
And now He's waiting in your heart to reign;
He has the power to remove Satan's chain—
Jesus can save, Jesus can save.

Of Jesus we'll sing; other helpers do fail;
Mighty to save, mighty to save;
His blood, His alone, for our sins can avail;
None else can save, none else can save.
He for the sins of the world did atone,
Jesus, our Lord trod the winepress alone,
Now He is seated upon His white throne,
Mighty to save, mighty to save.

Jesus our Saviour is living to-day,
Mighty to save, mighty to save;
None need despair, if in faith they will pray,
Jesus can save, Jesus can save.
Though in sin's pathway so far you have gone,
If now the world and its sins you will shun,
In Christ your Saviour you'll find there is One
Mighty to save, mighty to save.

The Wounds of Christ.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.



THE SALVATION ARMY.

Tunes.—"Paradise Alley," "They Could Do With Us Only for That."

6 There's a band you will meet every night on the street,
A drum and a flag, too, they carry;
They wear guernseys of red, and they capture, 'tis said,
Such fellows as Tom, Dick and Harry.
They are happy and good, and hard fighting have stood,
Their devotion does really so charm me;
As they kneel in the street, both in cold and in heat,
Brave soldiers of Salvation Army.

Chorus.

Every evening out on the street they go,
Seeking poor lost sinners, both the high and low;
Always happy, ready to sing or pray,
God bless the work of the Salvation Army!

There's happy Bill Brown—was the talk of the town
Before he got saved in the Army;
He was working each day, but would squander his pay,
Getting drunk with his chums, Jack and Charley.
But one night on the street, looking round for a treat,
He met with the Salvation Army;
They told him of Heaven, and he soon got forgiven,
And that night drunken Bill joined the Army.

There are others as well, if I had time to tell,
Who got saved in the Salvation Army;
Both the tough and the swell, who were going to Hell,
Faced about in the Salvation Army.
Now their sins are forgiven and they're going to Heaven,
Their happiness often does charm me,
As they tell of the love of their Saviour above,
Who saved them in the Salvation Army.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

Tune.—"We Will Shout Hallelujah," B. J., 76.

7 We're as happy as can be,
Now the Lord has set us free,
And we mean to fight for Jesus every day;
In the battle we delight,
Work for God with all our might,
We will fight until Jehovah has the sway.

Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, our Army's marching,
Onward we to victory go;
Forth to war 'gainst sin and shame
Victory win in Jesus' name,
Save a world that's sunk in misery and woe.

Blow the cornet, beat the drum,
Tell the weary ones to come
To the Saviour Who now waits the bound to free;
Wave the blood-stained banner high,
To the lost of Jesus cry,
Tell of Him Who groaned on Calvary's cruel tree.

Now the uniform we wear
Not to just make people stare,
We've an object nobler far than this in view;
For it shows whose side we're on,
And oft speaks when we are dumb,
Yes, it preaches Christ to Gentile and to Jew.

H.

— TEN —
THOUSAND WELCOMES
To Our New Leader,
COMMISSIONER
EVA BOOTH

The Central and West Ontario Provinces have the First Welcome Bombardments.

SEE THE DATES:

THE COMMISSIONER VISITS

HAMILTON, Thursday, June 25th.
CHATHAM, Ont., Friday, June 26th.
ST. THOMAS, Saturday, June 27th.
LONDON, Sun. and Mon., June 28th and 29th.
CORBETT'S POINT, Wednesday, July 1st Mammoth Camp Meeting. Troops will gather in from all the surrounding Districts. Excursion from Toronto by S.S. "Queen City." Tickets 85 cts. These Camp Meetings will commence June 28th and continue for six days.

PRAY ABOUT THESE WELCOME DEMONSTRATIONS

HO! FOR THE CAMP MEETINGS
AT
Corbett's Point
June 28th to July 7th.

The COMMISSIONER
will be there on July 1st.

COLONEL JACOBS will lead the First Sunday's Meetings.

Excursion from Toronto
on DOMINION DAY, July 1st, by special steamer, leaving at 9 a.m. Fare 35 cts.

DON'T - MISS - IT!

SEE
NEXT WEEK'S WAR CRY
FOR
"COURAGE,"
A Poem for the Present Epoch, by
Our New Commissioner.

It is a good thing to be a leader of men a
hero, but it is not an easy position.

a darling child of the General, with

CANDIDATE HILMA OLSON, Grand Forks.

War Cry Boomers.

Lieut. Selig, Chatham, N. B. (4 weeks)	354
Capt. J. Jenes, St. Catharines (2 weeks)	260
Sgt. Haynes, St. John I. (2 wks)	130
Lieut. McIntyre, Fredericton	107
Mary Jones, Hamilton I.	100
Mrs. Billows, Spokane	100
Sergt. England, Chatham, N. B. (4 weeks)	100
Cadet Le Drew, St. John's I.	100
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	95
Mrs. Capt. Jones, St. Catharines	92
Lieut. Beck, Rat Portage	80
Kate McKenzie, Listowell (2 wks)	75
Sister McCuthen, St. John I. (3 weeks)	74
Adjutant Moore, Barrie	68
Lieutenant Hollett, Berlin	60
Capt. Collier, Listowell (2 wks)	60
Capt. Whealan, Berlin	55
Sergt. Mrs. Hill, Seaforth	53
Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Barrie	50
Lieutenant Pynn, Ingersoll	50
Kate Allen, Kingston	47
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	45
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro	40
Cadet Tossell, Spokane	38
Mrs. Capt. Wiseman, Ingersoll	32
Sister Wright, Ingersoll	32
Sister V. Moyer, Ingersoll	30
Brother Stanton, Hamilton I.	30
Brother C. Moore, Spokane	30
Fanny Ball, St. Catharines	30
Sister Hatfield, St. John I.	25
Birdie McNaney, Kingston	23
Carrie Brass, Hamilton I.	22
Sergeant Woods, Peterboro	22
Capt. Cummins, Barrie	21
L. Salter, Barrie	20
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Scott, Peterboro	20
Sergt. Dawson, Peterboro	19
Mrs. Cullivier, Spokane	18
Sister Martin, St. John I.	16
Sergt. Lloyd, Petersville	15
Sergt. J. Bowron, Peterboro	15
Sergt. Southall, Kingston	11
Lieutenant Bloss, Kingston	14
Mrs. Leeman, Kingston	13
Sister Larson, Spokane	11
Sister Holcomb, Spokane	11
Can. Winchester, St. John I.	10
Lieut. Chappell, Kingston	10
Sister Farley, Kingston	10
Hilary Loke, Kingston	10
Mrs. Payne, Peterboro	10
Mrs. Law, Peterboro	10
Mrs. Killingbeck, Peterboro	10
Mary Fritchley, Listowell	10

Association produces assimilation.

STAFF-CAPT. SOUTHALL'S ADDRESS

At the Bowery, Toronto, Sunday Evening, June 7th.

The Staff-Captain read from James, chapter iv., 13 and 14, and based his remarks on the same, showing the people how unwise it was to say, as did the people of Jerusalem in the olden days, that "On the morrow we will buy and sell," etc., without thinking one iota about God, whether He was pleased or not.

James had an interest in his old home and city,—Jerusalem. He wrote to them to honor God, to put Him first, to acknowledge Him in their business, and in all of life's duties, despite their circumstances, and seeing the besetting sin of his people, he would convey to them the warning, the red danger flag of "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow." No doubt they were rich, capable men, of faculties and strength, and, as far as means, and strength and influence were concerned, they were well able to carry out their plans, either to visit Caesarea or Joppa next year, either for pleasure or on business. But the warning is, to remember that there is One that can dispose and interfere; their life is not their own. Their life was as the vapor or mist that arose from the marsh, of which they were well observant. People act so differently to what they know and believe to be right! You believe in Jesus, and that He died and mentally you accept the truth, but act and live as though it was a lie. You are slow to apply the truth to your own souls. You believe Heaven is a place of peace and everlasting enjoyment, a good place, where joy and glorious festivities are unending, and that hell is the place of the damned and doomed; no joy, no pleasure, but eternal, everlasting lament. Here you sit and look at it, and you imagine somehow you will get to Heaven, that you'll escape hell. You seem to accept the truth of it all, but, oh, how differently you act, though you even believe in His Word! Should a bloodvessel be broken, or some other thing befal you, how concerned you become. People will risk their souls for the things of this world, but what about your eternal welfare? Young men throw away their lives for a bit of pleasure, a bit of finery, or sport in a saloon!

THE MODERN UPAS TREE.

The Staff-Captain went on to compare the pleasures of the world and sin to a certain tree called the Upas tree, which gives forth a sweet perfume, and attracts multitudes of insects, which suck out the honey that at first seems to be sweet, but is deadly poison: and all around the tree are thousands of dead insects who have been deceived by the sweet-tasting honey, and have fallen a prey. He forcibly drove the truth of the comparison of this with the pleasures of the world and sin, home to the people's hearts. The saloons, dives, etc., were these soul-damning Juniper trees and multitudes were imbibing the juice and pleasures of them, and were falling, dead, doomed, and damned, and that forever. Some people have realized that they have been deceived and poisoned by this deadly tree, and the devil says, "Too late! Too late! you cannot escape death!" The devil gets them into a deathly stupor, from which they cannot arouse themselves, and into eternity they go, and before God's bar, where they will wake up to realize that they are forever lost. All their sins and wickedness will appear before them a swift witness, like a skeleton, with its long, bony fingers pointing out each sin. You will be condemned, bound hand and foot, and consigned to blackest darkness of woe and despair.

FATAL THREE HOURS.

The incident of the death of a Kingston physician by poisoning was forced home. He had performed an operation on a child's eye, removing some poisonous substance, when the point of a lance accidentally entered his finger. Several days after he was seized with blood-poisoning. The G. T. R. ran a special train from Montreal with the most skilled physician in the country, to try and save the man's life. But "too late! too late!! said he. "If I had been here three or four hours sooner, I could have saved him!"

Newspapers contain every day a category of accidents and deaths, showing the uncertainty and brevity of life. Your life is as a vapor, and soon someone's life, in this meeting, will be blotted out, to be known no more on this earth forever. You must obey the imperial order of death, and be summoned to the bar of God, and there to receive your reward as you have lived. The gaunt visitor may be on his way after you, and no power of wealth or ingenuity will save you. You will not be able to tell him "Nay."

He referred to the statue of Lord and Lady Nightingale in London, showing the husband trying to protect his wife from the monster of death, represented by a skeleton with a dart. Even his love for his wife could avail nothing, or protect her. Mighty as love is, which is the greatest thing in the universe, it could not thwart his hand and stop the death dart. If, to-night, you are called to stand before God to give a record of your life, will it be "Well done," or "Depart, I never knew you?" God forbid that you should miss your way to Heaven and stumble down to that lake of hell fire, which shall never be quenched, where no voice to cheer, no friend to comfort will ever penetrate. Thank God, it need not be so.

MAJOR BENNETT'S HOLINESS ADDRESS

At Richmond St.

(Reported by Captain Dick Griffith).

The Major read part of Ephesians iv., and commented on the verses. The following is the main part of his address:

"Now, God is here to sanctify you and make you holy, to give you that tenderheartedness, that forgiveness, that no one else in the world can give. You may have trials and troubles, but, thank God, His grace is greater than the cross. His power is almighty to save, and He can save you from all sin if you will only consecrate yourself to Him and His service. You know, it seems to me, that the law of God is

GIVE AND GET,

not get and give. Give yourself, and you will get the blessing. Give yourself, body, soul and spirit, and you will get all His fulness, all His peace. The way of the world is to grasp all, no matter in which way you get it. God wants us to give and get. He can supply us all we ask and need for our soul's benefit.

Some time ago I read a story about two men who lived close together. They had a bushel of wheat each. One said, "I will sow mine and get some more wheat." The other said, "What a fool you are to bury your wheat in the ground, where it will be good for nothing," and so he kept his, and looked after it, and kept the "bird" in his hand. Presently the harvest season came round, and the one that sowed his grain got a great harvest from the one bushel he had put in the ground. This is very largely like we are to-day. One man says, "I am going to go in for great attainments, and get myself looked up to, and look after my own interest entirely; it's no use to bother about anybody else. Another man says, "I have only one life to live, and I will live it for God. I am going to crucify my own happiness with the cross." After a person has given themselves fully to God, their lives become beautiful, and the result is, they lead thousands of souls to the Cross, and instead of being cranky and reserved, their names become blessed, and God makes them a blessing to the dying world, simply because they gave themselves to Him.

Two girls, both very weak, went to a Corps in a very hard place; heaps of "blind pigs," —lots of liquor sold on the sly. These girls went in and did the best they could to lift up Christ as an almighty Saviour. God took hold of them, weak as they were, simply because they left their fathers' and mothers' homes, and everything near and dear. In about six weeks they had 100 men seek and find Salvation.

God will use us if we only give ourselves to Him. Some people are so careful about

THEIR POOR OLD CARCASSES.

How they dress it, paint and puff it! I believe God is here to help us, if we will only give ourselves up to Him fully. He can take hold of us if we will only let Him. God compels us to do nothing. I prefer to give myself entirely to God. If a spot of ink is dropped into a glass of water, only a drop; it is of no use to anybody. Praise God, He is here to cleanse us from every spot of sin, so that we shall not be contaminated with anything unholy.

Some time ago there was a wedding, and twelve ladies were attending. Every one of them kissed the bride and left the house and went away after all the merriment was over. It turned out that the bride had diphtheria, and all the twelve ladies were taken down with it. The germs of the disease were borne into the system through the lips. Live a life of holiness and righteous and you will bless others. May God help us to put aside our feelings.

I don't think He considered feelings very much when He was treated with sarcasm and mockery, that through His suffering and self sacrifice we might have eternal life.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION

Of the Army Now and Four Years Ago?

The Kingston Corps and District will not bear a comparison as to condition before the Commandant's advent. We have advanced in every part.—W. Archibald, District Officer, Kingston.

I certainly believe the work of the Army to be in a very much better condition than four years ago, especially the Junior Soldier work; in short it is, all round.—Noel Green, Ensign.

Through the Commandant's patient, untiring zeal, adherence to principle, his personal efforts with his own people, together with the efforts of his dear wife, a united, loyal people stand to-day, having confidence in Headquarters and love for the wide-world Army, realizing God has made us a people of one blood.—Adjutant Aikenhead.

Although remarkable advances have been made in every branch of the work throughout the Dominion, yet the greatest and most vital progress has been internal. Unity, love, loyalty and enthusiasm were never so strong as to-day.—J. Watson, Adjutant.

I consider there is as much difference as light from dark, for we all are fully aware it was a very dark time four years ago, but now, thank God, it is light and life and glory all around, and it is well-known by friends and enemies that we have had in Commandant and Mrs. Booth two that don't know a retreat, and through the example they have set before us we have marched on to victory and unity of spirit, and my opinion is the foundation is square and the building is going up.—Adjutant Blackburn.

Variety is the spice of life, but steady plodding is its beef and bread.

More men wear out the knees of their pants in the service of the devil than in the service of God.

HELPS FOR J.S. SERGEANTS

BEING

Notes on the Manual Lesson for Sunday, July 5, '96.

By Staff-Capt. Horn.

Mark vi., 12, 16-27.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Be not afraid of them who after they have killed the body have no more that they can do."—Luke 12, 4.

The occasion of our lesson is the starting out of Christ's disciples on their first soul-saving tour.

Verse 12: They have just received their commission from the Master, and are sent forthwith, their text being, "that men should repent." It is impossible for a sinner to come to God until there first be a sorrow for sins committed, and a willingness to utterly forsake and abstain from future transgression.

Verse 16: Herod was a great sinner, and upon his conscience was especially impressed one crime that he had committed, namely, the killing of John. When he heard, therefore, of the disciples, the first thing that came to his mind was John, whom he had killed, and he was so haunted by the crime that he supposed John had risen again. Mark: An evil deed may be covered up for a time, so far as men are concerned, but before God there are no secrets, and all things will be brought to remembrance.

Verses 17-22: Here we have described the particular circumstances that lead up to this criminal deed, which all passed before Herod like a panorama, to trouble him. He remembered how John had accused him before God of doing an unlawful thing, and how he had been faithfully speaking to him about his soul and urged to do righteousness; how he was persuaded by two women to kill John, because he had done God's bidding; how he yielded to the temptation; how he himself had laid upon John and bound him in prison, (verses 23-27) until he finally gave orders to have him beheaded. Note, also, the rash promise made, and when given, could not be taken back, because it was the king who had made it; he feared the men who had heard him rather than God, who shall judge the quick and the dead.

QUESTIONS.

What did the disciples preach?
Who did Herod say had risen?
What was not lawful to do?
What was John known to be?
Why did Herod hear him gladly?

HOME READINGS — ABOUT CONSCIENCE.

Sunday, John 8, 9.
Monday, II. Cor. 4, 2.
Tuesday, Titus 1, 15.
Wednesday, Gen. 42, 21.
Thursday, II. Cor. 1, 12.
Friday, I. Cor., 8, 10-12.
Saturday, I. Tim. 1, 19.

RECORD SMASHING.

$15.00 FROM ONE GRACE BEFORE MEAT BOX AT BRANTFORD.

Brantford beats everything. The Grace Before Meat Box held by Mrs. Le Conte contained $15.00, which we believe is the largest amount received from one box in any corps in the whole Territory. This box, alone, contained more money than all the 100 boxes in the city of Guelph for last quarter. God bless the kind friends who helped so liberally in this worthy cause. Well done, Mrs. Le Conte! Ensign Scobell.

Will Appear Shortly,

"THE MODEL SOLDIER,"

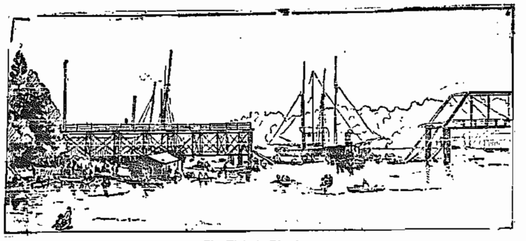
IN

Three Chapters,

BY

BRIGADIER MARGETTS,

Chief S.A. Officer in West Ontario.



The Victoria Disaster.

The Victoria Disaster.

A SALVATIONIST'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE — ADJUTANT McDONALD AND CAPTAIN SHEARD AMONG THE FIRST TO THE RESCUE.

Never before in the history of Victoria has such a calamity befallen the city as that which happened on Tuesday, May 26th.

Hundreds of homes are sorrowing for the loss of relatives and friends, and an inexpressible sadness and silence seems to hang over our streets.

As far as can be ascertained, only one Salvationist was on the car when it took the awful plunge, — brother Sydney Matthews, who was standing on the front platform. He miraculously escaped, after being badly bruised by falling iron.

Adjutant McDonald and Captain Sheard were among the first to volunteer assistance, also several of our comrades. It is not yet known definitely how many lives are lost, but at the very owest estimate the number is appalling.

We plead for the prayers of our comrades throughout the Territory in behalf of our bereaved fellow-citizens. The warning to be ready has been loud and sudden. God grant that it may not have been in vain. — Annie Reilly.

Victoria.

FUNERAL OF MR. AND MRS. PEARSON, WHO WERE KILLED AT THE BRIDGE ACCIDENT.

It has indeed been with sorrowful hearts that we have fought during the week that has passed. It is hard to be realized that in a few short days between fifty and sixty of those who lived and moved in our midst have been laid to rest.

Flags drooping at half-mast, the constant stream of funeral processions, and what remains of Point Ellice Bridge, standing in solemn reality, are a constant reminder of the terrible disaster which has befallen our city, and with it comes the warning, "Be ye also ready."

On Sunday morning, Adjutant McDonald conducted the funeral services of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, who were regular attendants at our meetings, and had spent the day preceding that of the accident with us at Oak Bay.

The soldiers, headed by the brass band marched out to Ross Bay Cemetery. A most impressive service was held at the grave-sides, where they were laid side by side. Three little boys are left to mourn their loss.

Our meetings in the afternoon was well attended. God's spirit worked mightily on the hearts of many. At night Captain Sheard spoke on "Ministering Spirits." Four volunteered for salvation.—Annie Reilly.

The "Onward,' 'of Toronto, gives the photographs of Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker, and a column and a-half on Salvation Army matters, in a recent issue.

Thirty-eight saved drunkards at Glace Bay, C. B., took part in a recent meeting.

A man at Western Head took his wife away from the penitent-form, and the soldiers sang:

"God save poor Case!
God save poor Case!
From carrying away and beating his wife.
God save poor Case!

The Hurricaneers' Band had an extraordinary time at Yorkville Sunday; interest, crowds, collection and conviction best for months.

Seventy-seven knee-drillers at a little village like Western Head, Newfoundland, shows the spirituality of the Corps.

Ottawa Barracks has been renovated, the gallery and stairs, etc., changed.

Brother and Sister Brice, of Dildo Corps, went fifteen miles by boat to get their child dedicated.

Some one fastened Adjutant Ayre in his quarters at Helena by tieing the doors and nailing the windows.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE Junior attendances have gone up during the last quarter 448.

THE AMERICAN newspaper reporters, said Miss Booth at her London Welcome Meeting, asked every conceivable question upon every possible and impossible subject; but here is a typical interview:—

Rep.—"Is the old thing happening?"
Com.—"What do you mean?"
Rep.—"What's up?"
Com.—"Oh, the Salvation Army is always going up."
Rep.—"Won't you tell me the news?"
Com.—"Sinners are being saved, soldiers are ordering new uniform, fresh Candidates want to become Officers, and there is advance in all directions."
Rep.—"Isn't anyone gone?"
Com.—"Oh, yes, many are going into the streets and dives to speak of Jesus' power."
Rep.—"Hasn't anyone resigned?"
Com.—"From the devil's kingdom? Every day we are winning fresh recruits from Satan's hosts."

THERE are about 200 Recruits on the rolls of the various Corps in the West Ontario Province.

"GOD and the Salvation Army holds you responsible to get the children born into our Salvation Army family, housed, and fed, and cared for in their own home. The devil will get them if you don't. Be alive to your duty and DO IT. God bless you!"—Brigadier Margetts.

THIRTY souls saved in the West Ontario Province during one week recently.

AN OFFICER at a "hard go," declared he would walk all the way to Toronto—about 130 miles — rather than miss the great meetings there.

Three pounds of potatoes are about equal to one pound of bread in food value.

Nearly 70,000 tons of cork are used for bottled beer and aerated waters consumed annually in Britain.

"Is this the way to the poorhouse?" asked one man of another, as he pointed in a certain direction.

"No, but this is," answered the other, pointing to a whisky-flask sticking out of the inquirer's pocket. —Westerly Tribune.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Good cook wanted immediately for the Salvation Light-House, "Joe Beef's" Montreal. Small wages; good opportunity for Salvationist willing to work for God and souls.—Ensign Ross.

? ? ?

Are you PROMPT in executing the business of your command?

Do you really get hold of God when praying?

If you died to-night, would the neglected souls of the Christless children make thorns in your dying pillow?

Do you shake up your people on the point of attending and taking an active part in the 7 a. m. knee-drill?

Is it you that has settled down into a rut? When you get up, turn to the right, give a desperate pull and go ahead.

Do you VISIT TO SAVE? Or do you MAKE CALLS?

Do you testify to the blessing of full salvation as definitely and often as you used to?

Are you living on the old-time zeal and love, or do you get it new every day?

Are you really winning souls and building up His Kingdom?

What are you doing then?

Will you answer the above to God, but the answer to the first will be your Hand-Book at Provincial Headquarters.—Brigadier Margetts in the "Agitator.

It isn't the flower of the family that makes the best bread.

Sailors and marines are far more sober than they used to be—so are all working men.

Thanks

Helena Rescue Home.—Mr. Wood, $5; Mr. Lawrence, $5; Mrs. Bradley, $1; G. K. Lamden, $1; Mrs. Hastings, $1; Mrs. March, $1; Mrs Soltz, 25c.; Mrs. Stewart, 25c.; Mrs. Crendle, $1; Mr. Wagner, 25c.; Mr. Galeauser, 25c.; E. J. Rawe, $1; Mrs. Steele, 25c; Mr. Jackson, $1; Mr. Hanson, $1; Mrs. Hastings, 80c.; Rev. Mr. and Mrs Baird, $2; Mrs. Millen, 25c.; Mrs. Taylor, $1; Rev. Shelton, $25; Mrs. Smith, $25; Mrs. Howard, $2.60; Rev. Hage, $2; Mr. Salesbar, $1; Miss McCausland, $5; G. K Jemison, 25c.; Dr. Gray, $4; Mr. Hedge, $1; Mr. Pyle, 50c; Mrs. Smith, 50c.; Mrs. Woodman $1; Mrs. Ellis, $7 25; Mrs. Holter, $3; Mrs. Beckit, $5; Mrs. Cox, $1; Mrs. Loeb, 25c.; Mr. Richards, [illegible] and sugar; Bro. McCaul, coal oil and potatoes; Mrs. Sutton, towel and soap; Mr. Cole, rocking chair and dishes; Mr. Banks, sugar; Mrs Dunkle, towel; Sturkett & Prenett, stew pans; Mr. Bradley, clock; Mr. Bowers, rice, fish, oat-meal and beans; Mrs. Dr. Perrin, soap and corn; Mrs. Logan, soap; Mrs. McConnel, towels; Mrs. Cayman, towels; Mrs. Delay, preserves; Mrs. Fishman, pillow slips; Mrs. Webster and Miss Saunders, bed stead; Mrs. Woodman, pillow, sheet, slips; Mrs. Curtain, dishes; Mrs. Cole, dishes, forks and spoons; Bro. Sykes, spoons, knives and looking glass; Mrs. Myers, dishes and spoons; Herman & Co., six chairs; New York Store, hand painted table cover; Mrs. Loeb, crumb cloth; Mrs. Colson, sheets and pillow slips; Rev. Mrs. Bress, pillows, slips, pictures, meat dish; Mr. Douty, six chairs; Mr. Solesbar, table lamp, dishes, chimney; Mrs. Snell, oat-meal and soap; Mrs. Cuthbert, dishes; Miss Martin, carpet; Mrs. Lewis, milk; Mrs. Bruce, milk; Mrs. [illegible], milk. Quite a number of other friends have [illegible] cash and donations in kind, but we have [illegible] names.

Hamilton. [illegible] Mrs. Hoodless, milk; Mrs. Ruther, [illegible] Guthrie, vegetables; Mrs. Read, [illegible] as Buchanan, groceries; Friend, groceries; [illegible] & Son, groceries; [illegible], groceries; Obborne, groceries; Mr. McLeay, groceries; Mr. McLarin, groceries; Mrs. Jarvis, bread and cakes; Mrs. Fletcher, bread and cakes; Mr. Harris, bread and cakes; Mr. Taylor, groceries; Mr. MacIntosh, butter and eggs; Mr. Mahew, butter and eggs; Mr. Chilman, cakes; Mr. Paden, eggs; Batham & Gordon, fruit and fish; Adjt. Lowry, basket of cakes from social; Mr. Carpenter, butter; Mr McCruster, butter; Mr. Bailey, flour; Friend, per Mr. Provast, tea; Mrs. P. Curan, $2; Mrs. Hugal, $2; Mr. Pengrin, coal; Mrs. Duncan, 25c.; Mrs. Bull, 25c.; Miss Wilson, 30c.; Friend, Dundas, 25c.; Mrs. Thomas, Burlington, 50c; McKay Bros., 19 yds. cotton; Mr. Cooper, meat; Mr. Green, meat; Mr. Lawne, meat; Mr. Dingle, meat; Mr. Porteous, meat; Mr. Anderson, meat; Mr. Megen, meat; Mrs. Baldwin, milk; Mr. Newports, cakes; Mrs. Bradt, groceries; Mr. Edwards, cakes; Mrs. Byers, cakes; Mr. Anscome, cakes; Mr. Knapmans, cakes; Mr. McGuire, flour; Mr. Bolley, flour; Mr. Smith, bread and cakes; Chas. Smith, sugar; Mr. Tees, bread; Mr Smith, bread; Mrs. Erskine, 50c.; Mr. Wheeler, $3; Miss J. Buchanan, $10; Mrs. Vipond, 25c.; Mrs. Drake, 25c.; Mrs. Saunders, 25c.; Mrs. Bull, 25c.; Mrs. Mc, 25c.; Miss Biddle, Dundas, $1; Mrs. Milne, 25c.; H. B. Whipple, $1; Mrs. Duncan, 25c.; Mrs. R. Thompson, $5; Mr. Plant, coal; Friend, per Miss Neil, $10; Miss Gaviller, $3; Miss Buchanan, clothing; Mrs. Somerville, clothing; Mrs. Bowes, clothing; Mrs. Smith, clothing; Friend, clothing.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, and Addresses and Songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of The WAR CRY, which is circulated, not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the Wicked One, and the more confident efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

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